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WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

\* Read from some humble poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start  
Who through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies."—LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a beauty, a plaintive sweetness in the poetry of the Scotch, which is unsurpassed, perhaps by that of any other nation. We are struck with it, wherever we meet with it. From playful childhood to hoary age, the heart of humanity has never failed of resounding to its soft, pleasing strains. Perhaps, there is not even in this country, a more popular poet, than Robert Burns. Many and many a tear has been shed, as his rustic lyre, waked by the magic of his touch, has poured forth its melancholy strains, and many and many a hearty laugh has followed the rehearsal of his cutting, witty epigrams. That he had his faults none will deny; that he but followed the common course of mankind in thus erring, none can doubt; that a kind and forgiving heart will overlook those errors and those faults, none will for a moment hesitate to believe.

Following, alas! too closely as his model Robert Burns; not distinguishing his virtues from his faults; and while imitating his good, seduced by the false beauty of his bad traits; William Motherwell commends himself to our attention as a poet, whose lyre was alike capable of re-echoing the hoarse rough notes of Norse poetry, and of re-awaking the spirit which lived and breathed in the bard, who sang by "Alloways auld haunted Kirk." His works

though not numerous, treat upon a variety of topics, and show, that he possessed a mind fertile in imagery, prolific in descriptive art, and stored with valuable historic lore. His muse now paints with graphic art, those soul-stirring times, when—

"So proudly the Skalds raised their voices of triumph,  
And the Northmen rode over the broad-bosomed billow ;"

now it warbles plaintively its notes to "dear Jeanie Morrison ;" now it draws from us a sad tear, as it tells the sorrows of one, who though "a mither" was "yet nae wife ;" and now it moralizes in a truthful strain, when it speaks of the utter worthlessness of Glory ; and of that "visioning which tempts the eye," which men call fame, a visioning as tempting as it is evanescent. Every thing he attempts he does well. Every syllable is in its proper place. Every epithet is full of peculiar fitness. Every expletive enriches the dignified beauty of his language.— Nothing extraneous is inserted. Nothing proper to his subject is "left out, much less forgot." Whether he moulds his stanzas after the fashion of early English poetry, or by that of his own era ; whether he sings in Caledonian, or in pure Saxon ; whether he bids "the moody winds" to blow on, and to cease not, or he pours forth his praise to God, for "the holy mystery" of the summer's Sabbath noon ; he is alike powerful and spirited, easy and fluent. There is no striving for expression manifest. "The river of his thought" flows ever rapid, ever clear, meandering through climes of various warmth ; now shaded by the pine tree, and now by the beechen ; the yellow fruits which hang clustering upon its side are pleasant to the sight and to the taste ; and the lilies, which float gracefully upon its placid bosom, are at once innoxious and beautiful ; variegated as the rainbow's tints. His book is indeed "a posie of gelly flowers, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all swete."

A man's writings are but the types of his feelings, of the ideas which hold sway in his breast, relieved of the tediousness of the abstract, vivified and realized, clothed with the garniture of language. To pass then a correct opinion of a man's performances, his whole history must be laid open before us. We must be allowed to view his

conduct in all its bearing ; must see his objects and desires ; must enter into his feelings ; must hear of his joys and of his sorrows ; and not forget, that circumstance is indeed an

——— allpervading atmosphere, wherein  
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take  
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures.

The works of many English poets, which seem dull and lifeless, when read solely on their own account, become most interesting and fascinating, when they are considered as shedding light upon the dark, and eccentric paths of their authors ; and revealing to the world, the workings of that inward man, whose deeds were so inscrutable, and whose motives so unfathomable. They are interesting, as they show us the extenuations, their producers conceived for their errors, and as they place in a less heinous aspect, the sins which all flesh is heir to. Who has not read with this feeling the prison thoughts of Dr. Dodd ? In the case of the author before us, many of his most beautiful pieces, have still greater beauty given them, when we know that they express the situation of their author, and were not the mere creations of the fancy, but really existed in the source, whence they emanated. They were the creatures, not of the head alone, but of the heart also.— They were the offspring of the intellect, reared and nurtured by the genial warmth of the affections. However much we may lament the lot of the poor unfortunate, (to use the common parlance) as in the anguish of a heart persecuted by the world's "dree shame," she cries—

"I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,  
And sick wi' a' I see,—  
I can na' live as I ha'e lived,  
Or be as I should be ;"—

or with however so much feeling we may read the lines, beginning, "The bloom hath fled thy cheek Mary ;" that lament will be tenfold increased, and that feeling doubly augmented, when we learn that "Willie" is none other than Motherwell himself, and "Mary" none else than the partner of Motherwell's own bosom, the sharer of his sorrows and his woes.

We shall not be surprised at the gloominess, which pervades some of his pieces ; nor at the general despondency

of his spirits, so evident from his works, when we know even a passage of his mournful life. We shall not wonder, that he expressed so often the feelings of mortified ambition, when we learn, that his brightest prospects were always blighted, and his most cherished hopes were always disappointed. He was truly a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. His cup was all gall and bitterness, save now and then some sweet atom of pleasure, which lighted for a moment upon his palate, rendering the remainder doubly pungent, as he quaffed the goblet to its very dregs. The life of this unfortunate man, was one of more terrible suffering than even that of most literary persons. He was much distressed with pecuniary want; his literary labours were hooted at by the more successful, but less ingenious crowd; and the finger of scorn was pointed at him, because he had seen fit to love and was so unfortunate as to have that love returned, without being legalized by the cold heartless technicalities of human law. Motherwell was sick with the world, its vanities and disappointments, and while he paid his 'devotions to nature in all her multifarious forms, he found his most intimate companions with the dreary wind, and wished

"——— that in some uncouth glen  
It were his lot to find a spot, unknown to selfish men;"

that there shut out from the freezing formalities of society, he might hold communion with nature, and with his, as well as her God. He seems ever to have felt the keen arrows, which malignant jealousy had hurled at his proud soul, and gives vent but to his own feelings of "agony, sharp agony," in all his mournful strains. He lived and died broken-hearted; the persecuted of the ignoble herd, who when his name shall live in and by his works, shall lie rotting in their tombs. Even in death's dark hour his gloomy feelings haunted him, and he seems to think that the sacrilegious hand, which spared not his life, would spare not the dead, and asks, most significantly asks;

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping, life's fever o'er,  
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping that I'm no more?  
Will there be any heart still memory keeping of heretofore?  
When the great winds, through leafless forests rustling, sad music  
make;

When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully rushing, like full  
 hearts break,  
 Will there one whose heart despair is crushing mourn for my sake ?

He had learnt however, to bear with misfortune, and had been taught contentment in adversity, and he pathetically adds ;—

It may be so, but this is selfish sorrow to ask such meed,  
 A weakness and a wickedness to borrow, from hearts that bleed  
 The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow shall never need.  
 Then lay me gently in my narrow dwelling, thou gentle heart ;  
 And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling, let no tear

start ;  
 It were in vain, for time hath long been knelling—"Sad one—  
 depart !"

But although he gladly hailed "the darkness of a nameless tomb," and had well appreciated the vanity of "lasting to be known," his works have procured for themselves, that consideration which their unfortunate author never knew. The posthumous publications of a man of genius, always attract more unbiassed attention ; receive juster criticism ; and win for their author, more heartfelt praise, than those which are given to the world, while he is among the things of earth. The petty malice of ungenerous and jealous competitors is then hushed into silence ; the dusky mists of circumstance which often with their deceitful hues obscure the fair aspect of their productions are dispelled ; the sins of the producer are lost in the beauty of the produced ; and men forgetting from whence they came, award to them the tribute due to works of talent. Thus it was with Keats ; murdered by the reviews, he took after his decease his place among the choicest of England's bards, and proudly assumed his niche in Fame's bright temple. Thus it was with Montgomery, whose hopes were "nipped by the Caledonian blast." Thus it was too with Motherwell, neglected by his cotemporaries, he died "wrapping his young fame about him for a shroud." His successors have caught the glowing inspiration of his poetry, and each peruser of his writings, opens the book, thinking of his sorrows and forgiving his errors, and as he shuts it up again, he does it "with a gentle hand," for he feels assured that there is

——— a spirit in the leaves.

L. A. M.

RITORNELLA. *By Str. Oiler*

Love took a survey of the belles  
 One balmy afternoon ;  
 And found them all such empty shells,  
 His mind got out of tune.

His temper lost, an oath he swore,  
 Against his bow and quiver,  
 And cast them down to resume no more  
 Abandoned forever.

In sullen mood he turned about,  
 And muttered many curses  
 'Gainst girls, that "anxious mas" turn out  
 Before they've done with nurses.

In fact his temper grew so sour,  
 That none who saw, could bide him :  
 This moody fit did have such power  
 To bend him down, and ride him.

He wandered far and wide ; till he  
 Grew cross, and thin, and fallow ;  
 The *blooming* cheek that used to be,  
 Now looked as pale as fallow.

But chance the pouting god did lead  
 Near a little bower,  
 Where buzzing bees, in swarms did feed,  
 On many a blooming flower.

He saw within my gentle Jane,  
 And all his murmers hushed ;  
 He snatched his arrows up again,  
 Looked at her—smiled and blushed.

NIHIL.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. *By Fuller 2a*

THE philosophy of many minds consists in the art of abuse, and in its reception. Few there are who have not been actors in the one or the other. Slander stands ever watchful, round he casts his baleful eye and few from

youth to age, escape his iron grasp. It seems as though "heaven can hide nothing from his view nor the deep tract of hell." He either defiles our tongue or he "spouts cataracts of fire upon our heads." Look, for example, at the noble apostles. Who more than they were assailed and pierced by his many shafts? Look at the glorious father of our liberty, and see there that not even he himself escaped his entire poison. If, then, he spared not even these, why need we hope that the philosophers of old should alone evade his fangs? It does really seem as though slander follows truth and duty as certainly as the day follows the rising sun. Hence because the ancients preserved no hard laboured thought from his red right hand, because he has seared them all, shall we rekindle that cruel flame; cast in their last remains and scatter the floating cinders? Wisdom knows a better part; she would return and point to their smoking embers, and bid us, in humanity's name, stoop and gather; yes! and gladly should we know that the minds that formed them, call upon us for a better end. We should keep them as sacred things; we should preserve and recognize them as the relics of by gone thought—thought that wore away and buried the mortal tenements that bound it—thought wrapt in all its excellence, in all its greatness.

There is no pleasure without pain, nothing precious without alloy, nothing great without slander. We shun not pleasure because of pain, we cast not aside precious metal because of alloy, why then reject that which is far better than much fine gold because slander has soiled it? They do not seek brilliancy at our obscurity, nor eminence at our downfall. They ask merely for due honour and gratitude for what they have done, and in what they have failed they plead for pity. If then slander must come, it is reasonable to ask: Why is it? Is it because that in-born, inherent love of it, has found among the old buried philosophers an easy and resistless prey, or is it that envy points them out as eminent and dangerous rocks in the course of time, which it must blast? Whatever it be, how much more magnanimous would it be in us to magnify rather than level their eminence, and to build up ours still higher than theirs; thus working out for ourselves a glory brilliant and lasting.

RITORNELLA. *By Strather*

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Public opinion has stamped the brand of enthusiasm upon them and attempted with its smoke to blacken and besmear their character. But what is this public opinion? Is it the outgushing of hearts pure and unsullied? Is it the voice of a land free from slavery and enthusiasm? No! It is the voice of men self bound in golden chains, it is the voice of enthusiasm revelling in golden dust! Who then can wonder at the enthusiasm of the philosopher? Look for a moment at the object of his pursuit. It was to elevate the intellect, that intellect which characterizes and ennobles the creature man, and gives him a resemblance to his Maker. Surely then all will exclaim, we justify their enthusiasm. Never complain of it in mental culture, when a little glittering gold can hold spell bound vast and countless multitudes of the present generation.

They advanced so far in this their alleged enthusiasm, justified by the glory of their cause, that they became lost in the depth and beauty of their system and without the least thought of utility, they now aspired at still higher grandeur; hence they rejected experimental philosophy as a degradation to their system, because they supposed, as many others would, that they saw in it a want of this grandeur, this *expansion of the mind*. For although in both nature was their teacher, yet to the one she gave a prompt and ready answer, by the other seclusion was sought, the problem was solved independently, the answer brought and compared with nature's, and her approval given. For the excess of pleasure and the *improvement of the mind* in the latter, go ask the scholar, and he will tell you that the one gave little pleasure and was soon forgotten, while in the other his joy and improvement fully compensated for all his labour. The one seems himself to have created a world, the other to have examined and understood its laws. The pleasure of the one exceeds that of the other as much as the pleasure of the machinist exceeds that of the mere observer. Let us for a moment give heed to the voice of public opinion and see if its voice be one of truth and justice. If so, we can at least justify their enthusiasm, as the offspring of hearts warmed by the grandeur of their conception, and urged onward by the glory of their enterprise. We would, however, ask





were they truly enthusiasts? is not persecution an inseparable part of enthusiasm? And where among them has it left a single vestige; on the contrary, though they abhorred Grecian mythology, yet there is not on record a single example where they employed the mildest compulsion for the advancement of their cause. It is true they almost idolized their system, but it is no less true that it was so profound as almost to exculpate them as worshippers. They considered it as a condescension on their part to apply it to the common walks of life. And it is well for us that they did; for who knows what might have been its end, had it been exposed to the bickerings of such a superstitious and prejudicial populace? In wood that is old and filled with rivets, the woodman never strikes his axe; he first extracts each corroding rivet, he then plies his axe, he cleaves the wood and his work is ended; so here, if they had applied this their noble instrument to a people so old and filled with prejudices, it might have been hacked and gapped and even wrenched from their hands, and hurled far away, never to be seen or heard of by future ages; but it has been preserved by them for us, perhaps designedly by them, more probably providentially. It is now cleaving its way most gloriously and successfully; but its work is not ended, nor will it ever be, for its extent is measurable only by this earth's duration. Bolingbroke has said that ancient philosophy lies as an incubus on that of the modern. Now no one will deny that as to utility and the improvement of man's *comfort*, the present philosophy far surpasses that of the ancients. But for this we should not cast reproach upon them, for there is a time for all things, and that was not the time for the application of their system to the natural and every-day business of man. Ignorance might have stamped it with folly, prejudice rejected it as chimerical, and superstition, learning's most foul enemy, might have smothered and destroyed it forever. Let us, however, even grant that it is an incubus on modern science, and there remains one point yet undecided. He should first have proved that modern philosophy would have shone with its present brilliancy upon us, even though ancient philosophy had never existed; for there is no inconsistency in its being at the same time both the mother and an

obstacle to modern science, since many parents have damped every effort and prejudiced every action of their noble son; they have held him bound down for a long time, but at length he burst the shackles that bound him, he arose from his surrounding misfortunes and soared aloft, becoming his country's ornament and a blessing to mankind. The plant would never have sprung up had not the seed been sown; and yet that very grain from which it grew, hanging from its summit, often bends and almost breaks the infant plant, but it soon throws it off and spreads its branches to the heavens, it soon blossoms and bears fruit useful and abundant. Science is not the outbursting of some one extraordinary intellect, it is not the sudden workmanship of a moment, hour or day. Its progress is gradual and uniform. Its plan is beautifully and deeply laid, so that one of its truths may originate with one generation, exhaust all of its mental and physical power, descend to the next and be left by them to signalize by its completion some still future age. Because, then, the ancients were the first to expend their strength in its pursuit, we should not upbraid them; for there is no system of arts or science, perfect from its very creation, save that of the cross of Christ. If they had not crept from the blackness of darkness to the glorious light of truth, there is very little doubt but that we would now be cautiously feeling and stumbling in the same darkness which enveloped their first attempts, that the truth as now revealed to us would have been reserved for ages still to come. We should remember that death's black curtain will soon hide us from this state, that our destiny will be handed down to our successors, by whom liberality will be meted out to us in the same measure as we viewed the ancients, and although now while breath and life still remain, our every action is magnified and lauded, yet as our breath shall have departed, our many noble deeds will be blotted from memory's page by the hand of our as yet unobserved vices. "Thus much difference does one breath make between what he was and what he is."

MARDONIUS.

THE following effusions, which we believe have never before appeared in print, are from the pen of a gentleman of considerable celebrity in the line of mathematics. They are his first attempts at poetry, and were produced under the influence of a fit of the soft passion inspired by the charms of Hannah. The author declared it was a matter of surprise to himself that he possessed any capacity of poetical thought, and attributed the effect entirely to a sudden and mysterious developement of the soul; the germ of which had previously existed entirely unknown to him. We think however, the cause by no means a singular one; the truth is, the disciples of old Cardan, have always been addicted to rhyming. The problems with which, in times gone by, they were wont to try each others skill in the use of  $x + y$ , were commonly expressed in verse. Mathematical poetry in general appears better adapted to the love of triangles, than to that of Cupid and Psyche, but whether the effusions of our friend are an exception, must be left to the decision of our readers.

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TO HANNAH.

In names a mystic virtue lies  
 Conceal'd, but clear to loving eyes,  
 And sounds have influence, to control  
 The inmost workings of the soul.

The voice which breathes thy name in air,  
 Speaks thou art gentle, good, and fair;  
 Mild as the fragrant breeze in May,  
 Or earliest blushes of the day.

The guardian angel of thy birth,  
 When first he welcomed thee on earth  
 Wrapt in the wonder of thine eyes,  
 Murmured a Ha of pleased surprise.

But grieved to feel that aught so fair,  
 The doom of earthly change must share,  
 And e'en thy star of beauty set,  
 He breathed an Ah of fond regret.

And kindly spirits hovering nigh,  
 Caught up the murmur and the sigh;  
 With their mute links the sounds brought near,  
 And formed the name I love to hear.

Whichever way I turn that name,  
 It speaks to eye, and soul the same;  
 It tells of honesty and truth,  
 The guileless innocence of youth.

J. J. S.

## TO A FAINT SPOT OF INK ON A LADY'S CHEEK.

On that warm cheek, where feeling's tide  
 Mirrors the soul within,  
 Why seek'st thou sullen spot to hide,  
 Or veil the lustrous skin?

Why on that rose, with envious spite,  
 Pillow thy ebon head;  
 Shadowing the soft, and sunny light,  
 Those orbs of feeling shed.

Dappled with cloud the azure vault  
 But beams more heavenly pure,  
 And spots upon the Sun exalt  
 The brightness they obscure.

Presumptuous spot, some elsewhere seek  
 A meaner flower to stain;  
 Nor hope to mar this matchless cheek,  
 Where youth and beauty reign.

Here dwells a secret, sacred charm,  
 All ill intents to foil;  
 No touch unkind, avails to harm,  
 Nor spot of envy, soil.

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 FAITH.

Nor earth, nor air, nor seas, nor fire,  
 Nor aught that fate can interpose,  
 Nor open scorn, nor secret foes,  
 Shall tear me from my heart's desire.

Like those antique, imperial dyes,  
 Which age nor use can e'er efface,  
 But win from time, a nobler grace;  
 Stamp'd on this heart, thy image lies.

While faith still vivifies this frame,  
 And mem'ry prompts one soul-felt sigh,  
 And hope looks upward to the sky,  
 This heart shall beat for thee the same.

No mortal strength, nor skill, can sever  
 The link, which kindred atoms binds;  
 Nor less congenial, kindred minds  
 United once, are one forever.



## AN ESSAY ON ESSAYS.

THE expression of our ideas by writing has been reduced to a science. Sages have tasked their wisdom in the construction of minute and comprehensive systems of rhetoric. An Aristotle has invented tactics directing the peculiar cut of language in which the ideas should be clothed to appear best, and the exact ranks in which they should stand to effect most. A Longinus has composed the music to which they should move to be most graceful, the curve in which they should rise to be most sublime.

The mind, then, lacks no rules to teach it how to utter itself forth; the manner is provided, all that remains for it is to furnish the matter. Here the Rhetorician removes his helping hand, and abandons the mind to totter feebly on, or to advance boldly in its own original strength. The originating of the idea is then by far the nobler and more difficult part of the task. The subject in hand must be firmly grasped, must be brooded over, must be thoroughly known and felt, before it can be expressed to instruct and delight the hearer.

In this part of the labor there can be no languor, no unready feebleness. Rapid, ardently and powerfully must the mental powers act out their office. Nor is this effected under compulsion. The consciousness of action is attended with a fervent joy. As we read the glowing words of some enthusiastic and powerful writer we can fully imagine the vehemence with which his mind poured forth from its deep fountains the tide of thought. Our own souls yield, as we read, to the influence, and we too are by sympathy swept along in the impassioned flow.

Especially does this apply to poetry, for in it the imagination glows in the excitement of its own labour, and gathers strength from exertions. But here the carefully arranged rules of Rhetoric are liable to be totally forgotten. The paths are distinctly marked, but the mind in its eagerness, rushes blindly forth, and absorbed in the exciting influence, it is borne along unmindful of the rigidly rhetorical highways. Imagine the workings of a Master-Mind, one of those which like rare stars, cross our firmament but once in a thousand years. The ideas expressed by such a

spirit pass forth like a mountain torrent, deep, powerful, active. Rhetoricians have laboriously dug exact channels for it to glide in, but overflowing their banks it foams along, in wild, lawless, and glorious, irregularity. The essential excellence of such writers is that what is uttered is pure thought; and their superiority over all others is the force and brilliance of that thought. Mere rules of Rhetoric with them shrink into insignificance. These rules apply but to language which is but the vehicle of the idea.

And indeed these rules seem comparatively worthless. The mind capable of conceiving a great, glowing thought will utter it forth in great, glowing language. The idea should be perfectly displayed. The simpler therefore the language in which it is conveyed, the lighter the dress in which it is clad, the more vividly will it beam through upon the understanding of the hearer. Thus the thoughts of a powerful, of an earnest writer will fire the coldest language through which they pour. The syllables of the harshest, and coarsest, and most unwieldy dialect, are made to ring in harmonious melody, to thrill with a clarion shrillness, to roll in all the pomp of sound when used to convey musical, earnest or sublime thoughts.

It is no wonder then that inferior natures strive by a profusion of metaphor and simile to imitate the glorious diction of higher intellects; they heap ornament on their dwarfish ideas to raise them to an equality with the giant thoughts of their superiors. They would use the burning language, though destitute of the glowing soul that animated it. They would roll the thunder of Jove, on the ears of the vulgar, forgetting that it is unaccompanied by the prostrating bolt. This is the test of literary immortality. Language is perpetually changing. The elegant dialect of one generation grates harshly upon the ears of the succeeding.

That work is then perishable whose excellence consists in the beauty and force of its language alone. It does not enshrine a soul of thought, it cannot live. Words may become obsolete, but thoughts never. They may be expressed in rough and uncouth phrases, but they are diamonds dug from the depth of some great, rich mind, and they will sparkle with undiminished brilliance, though their

settings are encrusted with the rust of ages. It is like the earnest words of some hymn borne in music to the ear : the music dies away but the thoughts have sunk forever into the listening soul.

Away then with a servile adherence to rules, a lacing into some established model of style. Possess the idea, and if it be a noble one it will utter itself in noble language. All thoughts however brilliant, however new, are but reproductions of those conceived ages ago. Let the mind therefore drink deeply into the spirit of the master writers of old ; let it but fill itself with the soul of thought, and no fear but that its issuing forth will take to itself a fitting body.

---

COUNT EBERSTEIN.

*From the German of Whaler.*

Zu Spein im Saale da hebt sich ein Klingen.  
Mit Fackeln una Kerzen ein Tanzen und Springen.

In the broad hall at Spires, the loud music is ringing,  
With torches and candles, all dancing and springing.

Count Eberstein  
Danceth the Reihn

With the Kaiser's young daughter, so fair and benign.

As she dances, strange glances her beaming eyes fill,  
She whispers him softly—she may not be still :

“ Count Eberstein,  
True lover mine :

To-night they besiege that fair castle of thine.”

So ! so ! thought the Count, I have happily sped,  
’Twas lucky in faith ! that to dance I was led !

But anxious his mind,  
Till riding like wind

He leaves castle, Kaiser and Princess behind.

They came to his castle, with death in their looks,  
And tried to climb up with their ladders and hooks.

\* Count Eberstein  
In armour doth shine

And tosses them off like a bumper of wine.

Next morning the Kaiser came over the plain,  
Expecting of course that the castle was ta'en.

But up on the wall  
As if at a ball,

He sees the Count dance with his warriors all.

Herr Kaiser, lay siege to some other knight's towers,  
Thou never wilt conquer this tower of ours,

\*That daughter of thine

Who dances so fine,

She only can enter this castle of mine.

In the halls of the noble loud music is ringing,  
With torches and candles the dancers are springing :

Count Eberstein  
Danceth the Reihn

With the Kaizar's young daughter so fair and benign.

As he dances strange glances his beaming eyes fill,  
He whispers her softly—he may not be still :

Lady love mine,  
Fair and benign,

Many thanks I return for that warning of thine.

### A CHAPTER ON LIFE.

IT has been well said that life is a mystery. We walk about this fair and beautiful creation, yet we know not how. A solemn mystery moves in every step, swells with every breath, heaves in every beating pulse, and in its hidden depths links together mind and matter. Death treads stealthily along the channel of life's warm current, yet interrupts not its steady flow.

To have a being among the rational creatures, is mysterious too ; and is a consideration that might well call forth our gratitude and love. We might have been savage beasts, we can render no good reason why we are not ;—

\*Euer Töchterlein,  
Tanzet so fein.

but seeing that we have been created rational, immortal beings,—that

“WE hold a middle rank 'twixt heav'n and earth,  
On the last verge of being stand,  
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,  
Just on the borders of the spirit-land,”

it becomes a matter of some moment to know why and wherefore. Whatever else we learn, it is of most importance that we study from the book of Providence our destiny. If we have minds, then it is the dictate of sound reason, that they were given us to be exercised and improved. If we are immortal, then it is the oracular response of wisdom that we act worthily of such and for kindred natures; and that we make such advancement in knowledge, virtue, goodness in this mortal state, as will fit us for the enjoyment of the immortal one.

Thought, action and progress, then, may be considered the chief constituents or elements of life.

But what is thought? The simple action of the mind merely? It is something more than this. We mean the mind's patient laborious effort in whatever be the object of its research, or the subject of its operations. Simple involuntary mental action ill comports with the dignity and greatness in which real thought has ever stepped forth from the soul and taken its stately march through creation, living through all time, enduring to all eternity. One great kindling thought is worth more than ten thousand little effusions of mental trifling; and is the inspirer of delight and admiration to multitudes, long after the dust of its originator is blown and scattered to every quarter of the world. We hang enraptured over the pages in which good thought is embodied, whatever be the source or time of its production. The products of Genius are the world's possessions, and it uses them in common for its pleasure and profit. A great original thought belongs to no clime and to no sect; for in all climes it finds its abode, in every sect secures admiring advocates. Truth is thought's daily food, and for this only it diligently seeks—with this alone is satisfied. Every object in nature it clothes with fresh interest, and new beauties, and nothing is too mean to escape its notice. It hears the voice of its

parent's Author speaking in accents of love and wisdom in every passing breath—in the rustle of every leaf—in the murmur of every running brook. It hears His power trumpeted in the shrill music of rushing winds, and shouted aloud in every thunder peal. It stands in awe by the heaving ocean, and listens reverently to the sound of His footsteps as "He walks the whirlwind and directs the storm."

It pries into all mysteries—searches into the great heart of humanity—employs all knowledge—embodies itself in matter for the convenience and comfort of mankind—tracks the planets in their courses—rests never—tires never—is all-pervading, because wide as the universe—deep as eternity—high as the throne of God. This is what we mean by thought; this is one of the chief elements of life.

But action is another, for life without action is no life at all. But how and for what must we act? Why, surely as good, well-directed thought prompts us; and that too, like heroes. Better wield the club of a Hercules in these mortal toils of ours, than whisk but the straws of diminutive littleness. This is how. Act for what? Why, first, with wise reference to our own good, then for friends and country, then for our fellow men every where.

Life is but one race, and but once run. Each must run it for himself. To do this well, every weight must be cast aside, one object alone kept in view, and like the racers of the olden games, our eyes must be steadily fixed on the goal of our hopes, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and we, bounding pantingly on and reaching forth eager hands for the prize, must never rest until the bursting plaudits of an admiring world, and the voice of a still more approving conscience proclaim us victors. Yet life were not well spent, its race not well run, were all our efforts exclusively directed to the securing of our own good. Friends claim of us friendship's holiest care and kindest offices. The land that gave us birth needs and expects of us patriots' noblest deeds, and self sacrifices for her welfare. Her honour and reputation among the nations of the earth demand that we, by no selfish, misdirected acts, stamp any foul blots on her bright escutcheon, and that by good example we recommend to them free institutions.

Her glory, too, calls loudly for the pen of Genius, the labours of the scholar, and even the holy emulation of the

humbler student, to save her from the imputation cast upon her by the old world, that she "has no literature," and prove to its selfish pride, by the production of "the purest, noblest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen," that the home of freedom is the best school for the training and development of the immortal intellect.

And then, too, our toiling, sunken race demands of us whatever effort can be made for their moral and intellectual elevation.

Surely, then, there is enough to do. Certain it is, there is more to be done than can be reasonably hoped will be accomplished in this short life-time. Yet this by no means excuses the performance of present duty.

But all thought and all action, are of little account, as it regards our lasting interests, if confined wholly to the present. The one must love to dwell on the bright realities of an eternal Future; and the other while working out the good of to-day, must look for its reward in the far distant morrow. In short, life to be wholly life, must be constant progression. That progress must be in knowledge, virtue, truth, goodness. If this be made and all present duties discharged, then will its short journey be wisely trod, and when at length it takes its last turn through "the dark valley of the shadow of death," even then will it be illumined, and our eyes cheered, by the glorious morning-dawn of an Eternal day.

N. N. Y.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

THE Christian statesman has, thus far, been unknown to the world. Statesmen indeed there have been, pure in patriotism, lofty and far-seeing in their views, spotless in their integrity, and noble in their philanthropy; some even assuming the very title of Christian statesmen; but Christian statesmen, in the true and grand sense of the word, there have been, as yet, *none*.

In the present state of the world this species of statesmen may be more rationally *wished for* than *expected*:

the signs of the times, however, seem to indicate that the hour when they may be reasonably expected, as well as wished for, is not very far off. Notions of the nature of government, which have long been deemed incapable of subversion, by reason of their antiquity and supposed divine origin, are beginning to be cast aside, along with many other relics of antiquity, by the rising race of statesmen. Political science advances with the other sciences; new and glorious truths ever and anon burst upon the minds of its cultivators, at first dazzling the beholder, and afterward giving rise to the calmer yet not less intense pleasure of contemplating the magnificent train of results which it leads out to the view of an admiring world. Thus, how glorious is the truth of the right of self-government, and how many other glorious truths does it expose to our view! If man has the right of self-government, then surely he has also all that is requisite to enable him to exercise that right properly. He is not so physically indolent as to need the scourge of the tyrant or task-master, to make him engage in labour at the same time necessary and profitable; he is not so mentally blind as not to see the good which results from industry and honesty, and the unmitigated evil which flows from their opposites; he is not so morally blind as not to perceive the difference between right and wrong, nor so morally depraved as not to be capable of rising to virtuous thoughts and actions; and he is not so formed as, though capable of being upright in private, to be incapable of it in public. No: if man has the right of self-government, he has also the capacity to exercise it. What magnificent truths cluster about this great truth of man's ability to govern himself! Can man govern himself? Then at once does he stand before us dilated in every part; his nature, his destiny assumes a new brightness; we have discovered a god-like power in him, a power to govern himself, to marshal the forces of mind and soul against the power of evil, which besets him with a fierce array of appetite and passions; he possesses a purer virtue than we had supposed possible; is capable of discerning and appreciating in others those rights and feelings which he knows himself to possess. In a word, his nature is higher than it would otherwise have been. His destiny, too, takes a higher



range : he was not formed to be driven like a herd of cattle by a few of his own species. Can he govern himself? Then it can be urged that the vast wealth which is lavished in the support of royal and noble families is not necessary; it is not necessary to grind the faces of the poor that they may be more subject to law and order. It is not necessary to social peace and quiet that the mass of the people should be cramped and shrouded in darkness as to their minds, should have the eyes of the mind carefully bandaged. No : *he can govern himself*, and has no need to employ others to govern him, neither kings, nor lords, nor priests.

The discovery of this great truth gives us a new insight into what should be the character of the statesman. He is no longer to act out the principles inculcated by Machiavel; he is no longer to devise means to keep the people ignorant, but to educate them; not to prevent a discussion of the conduct of government by the common people, but to encourage it by all the means in his power, that it may be qualified to render an enlightened judgment. He is not to contrive how he may wring from the people the greatest amount of money, but how the machine of government may be made to move with the least; not to seek how the nation may be most securely and completely rendered subject to the mastery of *one*, or a *few*, but how they may be best *served*, how their sovereign will may be most easily and truly made known. In a word, since the discovery of the truth of man's ability to govern himself, the political tables have been completely turned, and the places of masters and servants have been exchanged, and consequently all of the duties the statesman have assumed a new character.

Let us examine into the nature of a few of these duties. First : the statesman is to act as a mere agent of the people governed, to see that the first and most obvious objects of government are accomplished; such as the protection of the life, liberty and right of property of each individual governed. In doing this he must enforce many fundamental laws which already exist; or must, by the direction of the people, prepare such laws. After these fundamental laws, there are many others for the suppression of vices which do not immediately endanger life, liberty, or

property, and which are yet hurtful in a greater or less degree in their effects. Of this class are laws against gambling, brothel-keeping, the sale of ardent spirits, and a hundred others of the same nature. In all this the statesman acts as a simple agent to enforce the already well-known will of his principal.

But, secondly, he has duties even higher than these. He must bring his *intellect* into the service of those whose agent he is. He must strive to find new and more effectual means to facilitate the accomplishment of the above objects; must devise, if possible, means to eradicate vice entirely, to make the intercourse among individuals more free, safe and profitable; must devise means to stimulate his people to more constant and advantageous industry, both of mind and body; must take a comprehensive view of the situation and wants of those whom he serves, their moral and mental wants; and not only so, but the moral and mental wants of each class of them, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, the lawyer, mechanic, physician, and clergyman. He must bring his intellect to the investigation of the multifarious necessities of each and all of these, and then seek the best method of supplying them. He must encourage genius, learning, and virtue, in all its forms; excellence in every art and science. Thus must the *intellect* of the statesman be unweariedly employed in the service of his country.

But the statesman, to be perfectly fitted for his station, needs to be of a high *moral* character. To this all his other qualifications are but secondary and assistant. He raises them above *physical* distress, that they may have *time* for nobler thoughts, and educates them intellectually that they may be disposed to engage in these thoughts. When he has brought them thus far, he should look upon his task as just begun. He has finished the preparation for, and is now ready to conduct them up, the path to *moral greatness*. His duty is to go before and prepare the way; to encourage, to urge them onward. He should dispel the mists and fogs which envelope the people below him, opening to their view the glorious nature of moral excellence. He should see in his people immortal souls, discern their nature, know their tastes, know that

the soul is never satisfied but in the gratification of its appetite for moral truth, that it revels and dilates in nothing as in the calm contemplation of new forms of moral beauty.

The statesman has the amplest opportunity to learn his duty in this respect, and noble means for performing it. He has arrived at a height whence he can look down upon almost all mankind else. To him there need be no mysteries in the conduct and character of men. He has probably passed through most if not all the ranks of society, has seen the soul of man animating and moving all the varieties of human machines of which they make use to develop themselves. He therefore need not, and ought not, to look downward but *upward* for examples and rules of conduct. And though he be above *all* MEN, he should not think his models exhausted. He should go to the fountain of truth, to the Word of God, and this word he should *study* particularly in regard to those truths which concern the soul's destiny.

In a word, the statesman should be a *Christian*. This word Christian, however, has been so perverted that it is necessary to qualify it here. By the Christian statesman we do not mean those bigotedly attached to a particular sect, in whose pale they consider all truth to be confined, and are ready to bring into it by all or any means, all who are without; not those who have believed that the forms of Christianity are all that is necessary to the Christian, but those Christian statesmen of clear views of the universal, all-comprehending nature of truth; who discern the connection between *this* and the *coming* world; who acknowledge that the noise, and bustle, and tumult, and getting of knowledge, and the like, which is going on in the world, is but the bustle of *preparation* (whether good or bad) for the grand Commencement which shall take place at the great Day of Judgment; who believe that *nations* as well as individuals may be educated for the world to come; who see in the truths connected with the immortality of the soul, revealed in the gospel, truth mighty enough to struggle with, and sublime enough to fill with admiration, the unified mind of the whole human race; and who will therefore be disposed to make every thing subservient to the great object of preparation for citizenship in that all-glorious and ever-enduring monarchy of which *God* is the head.

VENABLE.

## JUDGMENT.

A good judgment is one of the best qualities of the mind. To judge correctly is to be wise ; to judge correctly, and act energetically, heroic ; to be wise, active and kind is godlike. Judgment is different from knowledge, inasmuch as knowledge implies a certainty of relation between things, whereas judgment presumes it, and action is performed upon such presumption. In the busy scenes of life, certainties are unknown ;—the most that can be depended upon, are strong probabilities. Every step man advances into the future brings him into contact with new contingencies of being. The piercing ken of judgment sees what results may be made to flow from these unexperienced conditions ; therefore the realities of life call for the exercise of this faculty of the mind, more than of any other, through all classes and conditions of men, from the triple-crowned pope, who claims and seeks to exert rule over heaven, earth and hell, to the veriest serf in the darkest mine of Poland, whose chief care is what he shall eat, and what he shall drink.

Along the pathway of man's life, "golden mountains" arise at times upon either side ; but the paths winding around them to their glittering summits often lead through a "place of tombs." Seas of pleasure border upon it, enticing him to embark upon their beautiful waters ; but their foam-crested waves, sparkling with a thousand brilliant lights, often bear him on to the hidden rocks of destruction : snares and toils are placed before and around ; to shun ruin, every step must be pondered, each foot firmly planted. But as he proceeds thus slowly, Faith clears his vision, and he catches glimpses of the light afar off, imbatheing those celestial heights towards which he is progressing.

But judgment is not innate ; it is formed from a rich experience, and deep acquaintance with mind and things ; it is the fruit of a critical attention to everything that passes before us, and of an inquisitive disposition, that seeks from the effect a cause, recognizing all subsidiary influence. Its power, therefore, may be said to be derived from its capability of detecting the slightest analogy be-

tween an untried case, and the known results of experience. In youth, when passion courses through the veins, and bounds in the heart, design is illy contrived, and action rash, because devoid of that judgment which is only obtained by observation; wherefore, with meekness and reverence should they listen to whatever Nestor may address them, and applying their own characteristic intensity of action to the counsels of wisdom, they might expect great and glorious results. Memory, though the fountain of knowledge, is useless unless it is exercised with judgment. This must have charge over its treasures in order that the mind may correctly compound, compare, and abstract. Hence it is, there are what are called learned fools, men who are servile imitators, mere memorizers; who think not for themselves; who adopt the opinions of others unquestioned; who seek not for causes; who fail to observe relations, and are therefore unable to converge this knowledge to a single point, either for the sake of illustration or proof. But besides observation, it is necessary for the attainment of this power of the mind, that pride of heart be removed, that vanity be flung aside, that the smothering customs of society be torn away; that these distorting media of the soul's vision be broken, shattered, scattered; and the mind be permitted to gaze upon things as they are truly arrayed in the heaven-hued robes of nature.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Coronation of Winter.* A Discourse delivered at Amherst College and Mount Holyoke Seminary, soon after a remarkable glacial phenomenon, in the winter of 1845. By Rev. Edward Hitchcock, LL.D., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology.

We notice this discourse chiefly because of its novelty. It is so seldom the case that preachers, or moral instructors of any kind, draw lessons from the operations of nature,

we feel it a treat to peruse such a discourse as that before us. If it be true that from every flower and rustling leaf there breathes a whisper of divinity, and from every mountain-peak, and cataract-fall and giant storm-cloud, there bursts a voice in thunder tone, then should the prophet of God be the priest of nature and echo back her whispers and her voices.

We are particularly pleased with that part of the application of the discourse in which the author condemns the substitution of artificial for natural tastes and pursuits in society; and the utilitarian spirit of the present age.

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*Poems by W. W. Lord.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, Chestnut Street. 1845.

We can imagine the growl of contempt with which blunt Dr. Johnson would have greeted this "elegantly bound" volume. A very delicate and sugar-candified exterior it has, causing it to look most ominously perishable. In his barbarous time, however, etching was in its infancy, and the crocus-gaudiness of the literary flower was not then the infallible sign of the honey within.

Before passing through its extremely Corinthian exterior into the body of the work, there is a prefatory remark we would make. In ancient times, when a poet was the production of an age, it was emphatically *his Age*. His peculiar genius breathed through and vivified it into a glowing resemblance to himself. His poetry was the poetry of the day. The music it awakened in other and humbler souls was a faint imitation of the deep, distinct tone pouring forth from his, the master-soul of the age. Now, the poets are a multitude, their works a library, and no one is well read in poetry, until he has mastered all the poets from Homer to Tennyson, inclusive. The effect of this is, we think, distinctly apparent in the volume before us. We see here the mannerisms of various distinct authors almost avowedly assumed. The genius of our author has, it is true, infused much of the old poets into these mannerisms of theirs. But what if he has done this? What if clad in the quaint doublet of Spenser, he has, as in "St. Mary's Gift," glided along in his smooth gait?

If he has succeeded perfectly in this, as in the "Rime," in imitating old English writers, he has only spoken as these authors would have spoken; he has not spoken a word as an individual, distinct person. The better the imitation, the more we are thinking of Spenser or Chaucer, the more we are forgetting Mr. Lord; or if we do think of him, it is only as of one who has read these old authors so enthusiastically and constantly as to have imbibed *their* spirit, and to have reproduced it, instead of breathing forth his *own*. The great poets of old drank inspiration not as it trickled down through other minds, tinctured with their peculiar flavour, but from the fresh fountain-head itself. Thus inspired, they uttered original thought in original language.

In the "Ballad Fantasies," and "I know an Isle," the Coleridge spirit running throughout must strike every reader.

In "The New Castalia," we have all the mystic horrible of "Christabelle" represented in all its fantastic minutiae. In some of these feverish, unhealthy snatches, there are beautiful thoughts flashing forth from the *diallerie* of the whole; but they are not the author's; not that he did not originate them, for we believe that every idea in the volume is his own, but because they are so exactly what Coleridge would have been delighted to have originated, that Mr. Lord seems merely to have uttered what that metaphysical bard would have said, had he not forestalled him. It is a very paltry ambition, that of being the Byron, or the Shelly or the what not of America; and we are convinced that Mr. Lord views it as such in the abstract. We have the diamonds, what need is there of manufacturing pinch-beck imitations however exact? Why take up the noble strain of some great poet, and quaver it down to a mere chirping, even if all the modulations *are* observed? Why multiply lunar reflections of original genius, when the mind has now but too little time to study the original itself? The imitation, of course, falls short of the imitated; he must produce an inferior book, and of such the world is so full, that one is fain to cry out for the Housekeeper of La Mancha to make a riddance. We have no place for "minor poets;"



— medicribus ease poetis  
Non homines, —

we need quote no farther.

But turning from these, what we conceive to be defects, let us notice what is far more prominent, the beauties of this author. The poem entitled "Worship," is, undoubtedly, a noble one. The tone of solemn piety pervading it, is uttered in fitting music. It is an original poem, not only as to the separate ideas, but as to the deep, religious feeling. There are brilliant thoughts brilliantly expressed; and herein is the only fault perceptible to us, in the whole poem. These thoughts are too suddenly, brilliantly expressed; they are too prominent, sinking down the verse immediately before and after them into prose. They appear like stars, but they draw a train of vapour after them. Could the spirit shown in them have been diffused throughout the whole, to us this poem would have ranked behind no other American production.

Of the "Hymn to Niagara," the same can be said. This latter poem may be accused of obscurity; but, which is a sure proof of thought on the part of its author, it requires thought to be understood; the mere outer sense may be pierced to a truer and more beautiful within. The author undoubtedly writes to the liberally educated, and by these he will be appreciated. In glancing in a desultory manner through the volume, we chance upon "Songs" to which the last remark, however, by no means applies; such trifles, it strikes us, should be murmured in the gentle ear of the ladies to whom they are addressed, but by no means chaunted aloud in the rude audience of the world.

The national poems of the volume deserve particular notice, not only on account of the earnest and beautiful poetry contained in them, but on account of this nationality. It may be a wild, unfounded hope, but it surely is a glorious one, that an American poet will yet arise, not one who can excel others in imitating and paraphrasing English poets, not one whose labours are those of a translator from other languages, not one, in a word, who merges his individuality in an intense attention to the utterances of other poets beyond the water, while his own are but exclamations of admiration at their astonishing



powers, but who, disentangling himself from the fetters of literary slavery, will speak out true genius of his own land in his own language; one who will drink inspiration, not from the mystic wells of German song; not from the marble founts of Italian Epic; not even from the deep, imperishable reservoirs of English poetry, but from the natural springs of his own New World, as they gush up fresh and pure from its granite heart. Prose may be inspired by perusing the productions of others, but poetry never; it is of a higher, a more sacred character.

Locke has it, that we can never advance an iota in knowledge beyond what sensation and reflection thereon afford us. But have all the subtle, influencing principles in nature been perceived? The advance of knowledge has thrown open a microscopic universe beneath our feet; will it not expand the mind to perceive a fresh world around and above us? Milton created his poem from out of what all the world else thought a void nothing in space. Bare rough rocks are heaped around us in this New Land; will there not arise some Callicrates to rear a Parthenon out of this chaotic confusion?

We have been, we trust, as modest as an editor should be, in our hasty comment on Mr. Lord's volume. We have not marred an idea of his, by tearing it out of its connexion, and quoting it as a sample of the whole. The volume should be procured, not to be read hastily and thrown aside, but to be studied. We have high authority for affirming that true poetry requires laborious study to be understood. As a *L'Envoi*, we would add that we trust the time will come when Mr. Lord can afford to suppress the greater part of this volume as an unnecessary appendage to his greater and more enduring works.

The *Monthly Rose* for June, has been received and read with great pleasure. We congratulate the conductors on the complete success of their undertaking—but what can't the ladies do? Their editorials, all sparkling with joyous mirth, present a fine contrast with those of our gurgulous *Monthly*. In the last number we noticed with peculiar interest, the article entitled, "The influence of Indian History upon American Literature and Art." It comes from a *master* mind, if the fair author will allow the ex-

pression. "The Superstitions of the Stillwater," are described with the ease and grace of an Irving. All, indeed, are much to be admired, and we would by no means depreciate the other excellent articles with which the last number is replete, by giving prominence to these. Hoping, ladies, that our periodical acquaintance may continue uninterrupted, we raise our cap, and for the present bid you adieu.

The *William's Miscellany* is advancing prosperously. We are ever sure of a feast when it arrives, and, whatever else may be pressing on our attention—cast all aside—and esconce ourselves in the largest arm-chair of the editorial establishment, that we may be somewhat at ease, and indulge in unobstructed laughter—not that the *Miscellany* is a mere Momus, there is a deep under-current of strong common sense, the basis of all its humor.

What has become of the *Yale Literary*, has it forgotten us, or has it submitted to the principle of decay, which rules all sublunary things, and become extinct? Not the latter, surely. We observed no premonitory symptoms of dissolution in the last number received.

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## EDITORS' TABLE.

"BETTER late than never." Here dear reader, is the long expected monthly, conceived in April and brought forth in June. We expect no great rejoicing at its birth: we are not so anxious for its fate as to bespeak from you a favorable reception. Take it as it is, nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice—make of it what you can, and give us credit for the rest.

Before proceeding further, however, be it known to all, that we of the present, are not the "we" of the last number. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh," is true even of Editors, though they seem elevated beyond the ordinary vicissitudes of humanity.

Yes, they have gone—suddenly as the falling meteor. However dazzling and brilliant their career—and who can say *how*—they

have gone. Without waiting to receive us their successors, with no token of recognition, no expression of sympathy for the suffering condition of their poor charge, or of hope for its future success. they have gone, "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were." We, having ascended the "circling chair of fair renown" thus suddenly vacated, had hoped to present you with what we might justly entitle our first born, instead of this mingled offspring of our infancy and the dotage of our departed brethren. But as the fellow said, "'tis as 'tis and it cant be no tizzer."

Having introduced ourselves, we suppose it will next be in order to make some disclosure of our future plans and prospects, some golden promises never to be fulfilled. Well then, we have been making some microscopic observations on the condition of the monthly for the last few months, and have found that it has been in a kind of chrysalis state. The old grub of last year became weary and worn out, he laid him down to die in an obscure recess of the printer's furnishing; but now behold how beautifully he has come forth, not to crawl—but we will not pursue this comparison; it might result in some invidious inferences respecting our worthy predecessors of the Editorial corps.

What we want now, in order to go on prosperously, is what every one can afford—money and contributions. The astonishing fact that these should be necessary has often been demonstrated by former editors; still very few of our subscribers seem to believe it. They assemble with all becoming gravity, elect editors, resolve that the Monthly shall go on, and then conclude that it must go on, because of their resolution. This is a very expeditious mode and will probably continue to be practised; but hoping otherwise, we call upon all, who have any regard for the literary reputation of our institution, to come to the assistance of the Monthly, and sustain it honourably through the coming year. Subscribers are needed; but contributors far more. It was for want of the latter only that the numbers for April and May were not issued. To our graduate brethren generally, and to those just leaving us particularly, do we extend an invitation to renew their acquaintance through our pages, as often as memory reverts to College-days and College-scenes.

During our brief administration we intend to encourage those of our correspondents especially, who aim to *amuse* as well as instruct. Such have been few of late, judging from the very "solemn march and stately pace" with which the Monthly has been moving on. One would infer from a perusal of its pages, that our sole occupation here is dry logic-chopping, such a collection of chips do they

exhibit. The inference is not correct, and we hope will not in future be made. An article in order to be read should be seasoned somewhat. Give us now and then a sprightly tale, a "romance from real life," a narrative of some thrilling incident in history, or a sketch of natural scenery. Old Nassau is not a valley of dry bones, nor should our Monthly be a dead skeleton.

But, not to weary you with longer complaints, *jam levioribus*. We are now again on the eve of the grand *finale* of the College year. Amidst the confused bustle and turmoil of the outer world, and the tortures and painful elaborations of that inner world of the student, Time, on his noiseless pinions, has flown by unnoticed and unretarded. But though we heeded not his coming, observed not his departure, still, if while with us we cherished his acquaintance, memory, like a magic conjurer, will call up scenes delightful in the retrospect, and enable us to "live them o'er again." *Commencement*, with its various concomitants, constitutes the said *finale*.

That word *Commencement*, we imagine, stands for an idea, as complex as any which even Locke would have wished to analyze. In the first place there is the preceding examination, which, though it forms no part of the Commencement proper, yet enters into all our conceptions of it, most horribly modifying them. Examination in itself is a complex idea, a very complex idea. In some respects it is like death, not merely because it is an *ex-amination*, as some have said in a desperate attempt at punning but because it is universally dreaded, and because every one must meet it, each for himself, battle in it alone and unassisted, and then at last get defeated. But not to dwell on this;—in the idea of Commencement proper, we must conceive of a huge mass of humanity, "compactly built together," dense crowds of ladies with fans fluttering, a body of sapient students with boot-heels ringing, various speeches on various subjects, of any extent of latitude and drawn out to an extremely painful longitude, sundry evolutions on the stage accompanied with the presentation of almighty sheepskins, the slow solemn words of the orator as he pronounces a sad farewell—all these must enter our ideas of Commencement itself.

Then comes the joyful release, the good-bye to Nassau for some six weeks.

But where have we wandered? Beg pardon, dear reader, for anticipating so much for you. Hope you may experience all in a few weeks.

Wishing you then a happy vacation, and desiring to be remembered in some of its leisure moments we must now give you the parting word.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The "huge drag-net of time" brought down to us certain dark, suspicious-looking papers with which we deem it best not to meddle. Those, then, whose articles have not come to light in the present number, may not hope to see them in future. We invite all to send in their contributions, assuring them that merit shall never go unrewarded.

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